

It is all that matters

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Summary: 'Caring is not an advantage Sherlock,' Mycroft tells his little brother for the first but not last time and holds his gaze, as if making sure his wise words have come across before turning his attention back to the chapter before him. 'Love then. Is it important' Sherlock asks, curious as he is. Mycroft doesn't answer. Sherlock drabbles, before John

1. A

It's a frosty morning in January. Mycroft's room is cold, just like Sherlock's fingers on his microscope. Mycroft sits nearby with a book in his hands, sending Sherlock looks from time to time. Just to keep track of his movements.

The eight year old twists the coarse focusing knob and stares through the ocular lens. Sherlock has been sticking himself in the finger a couple of times this morning, and is now examining his own blood thoroughly.

'Mycroft?'

Mycroft's gaze stays on Sherlock a little longer this time, before he returns his gaze to his book.

'Yes?' Sherlock is quiet for a few seconds. Their breaths are the only sounds that fill the big room.

'What is the definition of friendship?' he asks, and turns his head to study Mycroft across the room. Mycroft answers as if reading it directly out of a dictionary.

'It is a bond of mutual affection, typically exclusive of sexual or family relations.' Sherlock doesn't have any of those, he quietly muses to himself before voicing his second question.

'But is it important?' Mycroft finally looks up at Sherlock, and he narrows his eyes.

'Caring is not an advantage Sherlock,' he tells his little brother for the first but not last time and holds his gaze, as if making sure his wise words have come across before turning his attention back to the chapter before him.

'Love then. Is it important?' Sherlock asks, curious as he is.

Mycroft doesn't answer.

2. B

Sherlock is ten and he has a dog. His first friend. He watches the other children in school bully and do other stupid things, and is pleased his friend would never treat him like they treat each other. They're all idiots anyway. Sherlock doesn't need them.

The dog is called Redbeard funnily enough and Sherlock teaches her to chase squirrels for him. Then, when mummy isn't looking, he cuts the squirrel up in the kitchen. The maids are never very happy, but Sherlock doesn't care about them.

One week she behaves weirdly, and Sherlock knows she isn't well. When she one morning isn't lying in Sherlock's bed, Sherlock knows immediately what has been done.

'Where is she?' He asks his parents over breakfast. The couple look at each other.

'I'm sorry Sherlock dear. She was sick. We had to send her away,' his mother says. Sherlock scowls at her lies.

'You had her put down. And now you are lying to me,' he shoots back, and swiftly leaves the dinner table. He doesn't eat for the rest of the day and keeps thinking that maybe Mycroft's words are true after all. Maybe caring isn't an advantage.

3. C

The classical music would have been pleasant if it weren't for the constant buzzing of human voices. Sherlock scowls into his soda and tries to ignore his overstimulated mind. He keeps overhearing conversations without any useful information, and his head is now filled with irrelevant clutter.

He travels through the crowd, his mind in turmoil. The thoughts are all but sorted, and Sherlock doesn't know how to handle it.

'Dump him. He's sleeping with his best friend,' he tells a passerby, as he moves towards his room. The passerby gapes after him, but doesn't get to respond before Sherlock disappears down the corridor. Some people just can't see the obvious.

Sherlock enters his room and closes the door, only to lean against it with a heavy sigh. His gaze settles onto the new violin lying on his

bed, and he is soon moving towards it. Sherlock stops by the bed and picks up the birthday card lying on top of the instrument. The number twelve is written in bold letters on the front cover. The card is thrown over his shoulder and he picks the violin off of the bed. He plays for approximately one hour and fifteen minutes before he returns to his own birthday party.

4. D

On lunch breaks there's always a group of girls sitting with him by the table. They like a 16 year old Sherlock because he feeds them with all the embarrassing truths about their classmates. Sherlock doesn't care much for them. He just likes to show off his deducing skills.

The girls never really talk about anything interesting. Gossip, fashion, boys and sex is nothing Sherlock cares for. He almost tried sex once, with one of the girls, Samantha Davis. Only for research of course. In the end, even just trying to do it had disgusted him so much he had to leave. Sherlock had to shower three times afterwards before he felt like himself again.

Samantha stops him after lunch one day. Her face is round and her hair is long and blond, tucked neatly behind her ears.

'If you want to, we could try again.' She grips softly around his hand, but he doesn't meet Samantha's shy smile with a charming mask this time. Sherlock is just his usual self, with deducing eyes and unsmiling lips.

'Did you really think I wanted you?' he asks her, and withdraws his hand.

'But-' She looks confused, so Sherlock explains it to her.

'I wanted to understand what the fuss was about. There was nothing more to it. Now join your imbecilic friends,' he tells her and leaves. On his next lunch break he sits alone.

5. E

A 28 year old Sherlock buys a black ring for his middle finger.

After some research on some accidentally stumbled upon information, the childish part of Sherlock's mind makes him go ring hunting on Ebay. Mycroft comes by on a Friday to check if he is clean, and Sherlock is so indulged in his hunting that he doesn't even notice. The ring must be perfect, and when it comes to fashion, Sherlock never buys anything but dazzling pieces.

It's an acering, symbolising his lack of desire for sex, and a tool to find others with the same sexual label. He knows that it is a totally unnecessary object -the rational part of his mind tells him so- but he can't help himself.

The ring arrives in the mail a week later and Sherlock shoves it onto the middle finger of his right hand in pure excitement. The chance

that someone other than Mycroft is going to notice is close to zero, but Sherlock just can't seem to calm himself. The childish buzz shows in his eyes, but there are only a few people who can read the emotions in Sherlock's eyes when his face is always so controlled.

During a visit at Scotland Yard Lestrade suddenly bores his eyes into Sherlock and drops his work onto his desk.

'Since when are you wearing jewelry?'

Sherlock twists the ring on his finger. 'Since this Tuesday.'

'But why? You should never wear that if there wasn't a reason.' Lestrade points at the black ring. Sherlock is secretly pleased that Lestrade is using his brain for some good this time.

'Yes, quite right Lestrade. The ring has a symbolic meaning.'

'What symbolic meaning?' Of course Lestrade is curious. To keep up appearances Sherlock pretends to be annoyed.

'I could give you a shot at figuring it out by yourself.' He pauses and the corner of his mouth twitches discretely in amusement. 'But no, you're not nearly informed enough to figure it out. I'll tell you, this time.'

Lestrade snorts. 'Yeah. Okay. get on with it.'

Sherlock sighs for dramatic effect. 'A black ring on the right middle finger symbolises a lack of sexual attraction and desire to participate in sexual activities with other beings.' Sherlock twists the ring once again, and admires it with great interest.

'Oh. Okay,' answers a slightly shocked Lestrade. 'You're like that huh?'

Sherlock smirks, with his eyes still locked onto his black ring. 'Yes. I am like that.' And Sherlock has never been ashamed of it.

End
file.